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VOLUME LI. CHICAGO, JUNE 11, 1903. NUMBER 14

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UNITY

VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1903. NUMBER 14

Next week it will be John Wesley's turn. On the 17th of June will be celebrated the bi-centennial of his birthday. Next week we shall have something to say of this man who said, "I do only one thing at a time, and I do it with all my might."

The last issue of the *Methodist Recorder,* the organ of the Methodist Protestant church, published in Pittsburg, prints in full as its initial poem on the title page Emerson's "Each and All." Fitting is this eloquent recognition of the high centennial on the part of our Methodist exchange.

The trustees of the Meadville Theological School took a wise and just step at their recent meeting when they arranged for a plan of retiring allowances to the teachers who have spent their lives in its service. A pension of one thousand dollars per annum has been provided for its professors emeritus. Ex-President Cary enters upon that honorable list this year. Next year Professor Barber, who will round out twenty years of service, will come into his well-earned rest. Steps were taken at the same meeting to strengthen the faculty. Work on the new hall, which is to have dining-room and gymnasium facilities, has already been begun.

The words "merger" and "combination" are words of doubtful respectability in the commercial world, and still they represent an industrial movement of highest economic significance. It needs only the application of justice and public spirit to the methods implied to make them words of great ethical import, and the high task of the century now in its dawn is to apply this economic principle to the spiritual interests of life. The twentieth century will witness a great fusion of churches, a concentration of interest, an elimination of rivalry and a consequent immense increase of efficiency. The recent meeting at Washington of a committee composed of sub-committees of five each from the Congregational, United Brethren and Methodist Protestant churches to consider a possible union of these three large "denominations," was a meeting of vast prophecy if not of much immediate significance. The result of the meeting has not yet been made public, but it is announced that the work was furthered and is to be taken up again by the general committee on the first day of July next. Go on, brethren. Reduce the number in order to increase the quality of your churches.

There is an interesting item of news going the rounds of the papers that tells of the immigration of an industrial army of colored people from the south towards Massachusetts. Rev. J. H. Buckrey, pastor of the colored Baptist church of Cambridge, Mass., and Mr. McManee, mayor of the city, seem to be heading the movement. The neglected farm lands of Massachusetts tempt negro industry, and a labor famine on the lines of skilled labor offer an opportunity to the best workmen. One interesting feature of this immigration, if it assumes as large proportions as is planned, will be to precipitate the labor union issue, which is inevitable: Will the labor unions admit colored people to the privileges of their orders? If not, they invite a struggle with a large and persistent non-union element, made such not by their own choice, but by the legislation of laborers with whom they would be glad to co-operate and make their interests mutual. All this play of forces, industrial, social and educational, is interesting and hopeful. Justice and the cause of universal brotherhood have nothing to fear from discussion and agitation. Prejudice, superstition and race conceits thrive in the dark and prosper through apathy.

Last week a horrible case of lynching occurred at Belleville, in the southern part of the State of Illinois. A negro school teacher in the heat of passion shot a superintendent who had withheld from him a certificate, the shot proving fatal; whereupon the populace outdid in violence and lawlessness the deeds of the homicide by a brutal lynching. This violence was not a case of black and white; it was a revelation of the brutality that lurks in human nature of all colors. One violence does not justify another. So long as lawlessness is matched by greater lawlessness, the lower elements of society, black or white, will manifest themselves in these horrible ways. Fiendishness on the one hand does not justify wolfishness on the other. This is a vindication of Mrs. Browning's insight:

"There's not a crime that's rung upon the counters of this world
But takes its proper change out still in crime.
Let sinners look to it."

Well does the *Record-Herald* of Chicago say in its editorial comment: "The people who joined in this lynching had filled themselves with sophistries. But only an interested partisan can fail to see that they are guilty of the crime which they undertook to punish. This man shot the superintendent because he had lost all respect for law in his ungovernable fit of anger. It was a deed proper only to a savage, but the citizens emulated this savagery." Well did Charles G. Ames of Boston say at the recent Unitarian anniversary, "Who are we of the United States to rebuke Russia for its barbarities to the Jews while our own hands are so red with murder at home and in the far-off islands of the sea?"

Chicago has passed through another long, perplexing labor war. The laundry workers have been out for

over a month, and now the restaurant waiters are giving trouble. At last the laundry problem seems to be on the point of settlement; that is to say, both parties have submitted to what was as available on the first day of the strike as now—to arbitration. It can almost be said that this is now the only way by which any labor trouble is settled. Why should this useless delay be tolerated? Arbitration is simply the settlement of dispute by a court of adequate jurisdiction, such as is provided for in all the statute books of modern times for disputes between individuals. The way out of the labor trouble seems to be increasingly clear. Is it not something like this: 1. Give to labor unions legal existence so that they can be recognized by law and held amenable to contract. 2. In case of any disagreement between organized capital and organized labor, either party can bring suit before any judge declared competent to sit on such cases. 3. Inasmuch as the questions at issue are such as cannot be settled by statutory provisions and the equity thereof can be determined only by experts competent to take cognizance of the facts the judge in question can proceed to organize a competent bench of such experts, elected or appointed by the parties whose interests are at stake, after the ordinary manner for the selection of arbitration boards; the trial to be conducted under the supervision of the judge with due provision for evidences and records. 4. The decision to be final. The result to be accepted in the same way as the decisions of all other final courts are accepted—in good faith and if need be to be enforced according to the decrees of the court.

The Rev. M. C. Andrews, rector of an Episcopal church in Oshkosh, Wis., affectionately known in that neighborhood as "Father Andrews," has grown weary of trying to adjust himself to clerical functions and at the same time preserve his financial and civic independence. "Father Andrews" has served his people nine years without salary, providing for himself by the successful management of a legitimate business outside. This arrangement seems to be unsatisfactory to his Bishop, if not contradictory to the recent canons enacted by the church authorities. The case seems to be so unique and interesting that we allow him to speak for himself in our columns by making a few extracts from his lengthy letter of resignation. After stating that his entire ministry as official lay reader, deacon and priest through nine years of time had been spent in the service of that church, he says:

> And I leave it to the keenness of your memories, to the emotion of your hearts to determine the depth and reality of that service.
>
> * *
>
> There was to be no respect of persons, no tacit acceptance of those graver sins in society which, among churches, are too commonly winked at, and individual worth of character and spontaneity of service were to be the tests of Christian growth.
>
> In the light of nine years of personal struggle for the attainment of this ideal I stand appalled at the magnitude of the task then planned for myself. I realize with Savonarola, "The truth may survive, but not by me."
>
> * *
>
> I believe in a beautiful service symbolic of the traditions upon which the church is based, but I have little patience with that spirit which minimizes the demand for individual perfection of character and is content to substitute perfect ritual form for intellectual attainments, ethical culture and a warm, tender sympathy for the human race in its pathetic struggle to that staircase "which slopes through darkness up to God."
>
> One other and final matter may be of mutual interest to us at this time.
>
> From a small beginning in a business venture which years ago I started with a social idea in mind, but which venture I was later compelled to finance personally, I have been led step by step into the development of a substantial business undertaking free of any liability and successful.
>
> In the beginning of this venture several years ago the bishop of the diocese gave his consent to my attempt, but only lately he has written me that, according to a canon or law passed at the last general convention at San Francisco, a clergyman of the church may not engage in any secular calling while occupied in active work of the diocese, if he receives any stipend or salary, without the consent of his bishop.
>
> The bishop withholds his consent from my continued activity in business, and you, dear members of this congregation, are in a position to say to what degree any part of your work has suffered neglect at my hands.
>
> I will lovingly challenge you to name any case of sickness, sorrow, of suffering or hunger within the geographical limits of my parish, whether of my own flock or no, to which I have failed to respond by adequate relief.

"A Soldier for God."

We give our editorial space this week to our associate, William C. Gannett, of Rochester. His words are all the more timely and serve our editorial purpose all the more effectively because they were first uttered at the recent unveiling of the Channing monument in the Boston public gardens.—[Editor.]

On the monuments raised to the soldiers and regiments who gave their lives to keep the country one, we record the names of the battlefields on which they testified to their purpose—Fredericksburg, Antietam, Gettysburg and the rest. If in a similar way we inscribed on Channing's monument the names of the fields on which he gave his life to uplift the country, we should carve the words education, temperance, peace, anti-slavery, abolition of poverty, emancipation of religion. Each of these names represents a battle, a campaign, a long-lasting cause of many campaigns. None of them represents a final victory. But without exception each names a cause much farther advanced toward victory than it was in the day when this frail-bodied soldier for God, his weapon the sword of the spirit, his shield the shield of his faith in God and in man, delivered his stroke upon stroke for the right. And if we single out heralds and leaders for honor no small part of this advance, in America at least, can be definitely credited to him.

To him, a mere thinker! Let that be noted—to him, a thinker. A second time within this week's space Boston is giving thanks to, and for, a seer and sayer of the ideal. In New York this same week has witnessed the dedication of a monument to a noble soldier of the great war; and the parks of our cities and towns hold many monuments of Sherman's kind. Honor to those who were worthy in this way. But it is not honor, but rather shame, to our civilization that so much of the nation's admiration turns toward the heroes of war rather than toward the heroes of peace—toward those who preserve by the strong arm rather than those who uplift by the spirit. This hour, this gathering of citizens, commemorates a hero of peace, not less valiant, not less self-spending, not less rejoicing in sacrifice, than the greatest of those who fought for the Union. Those are secure of their tributes, a nation honors them quickly. Man honors the heroes of peace. Slowly, but surely, their work passes from the state of the ideal toward the state of

the real, becoming first a message, then a cause, then a contest, then a statute, then a custom, at last an organized instinct; and thereafter the new-coming children are born on the plane of the higher justice and love, and mankind has been lifted one round on the spiral of progress. Of this kind was Channing's work, of this kind his fame, of this kind the gratitude we now bring him.

It is not strange that the genus to which all our greatest belong is that of Emancipator. In some sort they all are emancipators—now of the body, now of the mind, now of the soul, now from the burdens of caste, now from political oppression, now from social traditions, now from superstitions of faith. But in none of them all is the function so deep-seated and so manifest as in him who releases the soul, bids it know its power, its place in the universe, makes it feel that it *can*, that it is in its nature of God.

Such a man is essentially prophet, that is, "spokesman for God.' The emancipation he brings underlies all those of the others; nor caste, nor king, nor statute law, nor priest, nor book, nor older prophet, nor traditional creed is of permanent peril to the man who feels that in his nature he is akin to the Soul of All. Channing was emancipator after this kind. In teaching that God was of kin to his human and man of kin to his God, he released the soul from all possible bondages into all possible growths. The inscriptions on the base of the monument dedicated today are well chosen.

Boston is nearer to Channing's mind today, nearer to his ideas and ideals, than she was when he lived. She understands him better now; she is more on his side than she was when he died sixty years since; is more of his view in regard to those causes of his—education, temperance, peace and emancipation from poverty, slavery and creed. His words in his own time were prophecies—now they are well on their way to becoming achievement. It takes time, it takes death, it takes invisibility to bring the prophet to his own in recognition and gratitude and imitation; and the truer the prophet the more certain this delay. Thus it has been with our Channing.

But now, because Boston is nearer to Channing's mind than she was when he walked her streets, so he, in turn, being invisible, is nearer to Boston's heart than he was; and fitly she welcomes him back in visible semblance as permanent citizen. Still he will preach, now at the door of his church instead of the pulpit; now to the larger audience of the passing people. Henceforth the children of Boston will claim him as theirs, as one of the few of the old time who belongs to the Now of each new generation. The stranger who comes to the city as pilgrim will pause at his feet and consider. They will look, if not listen—and the eye will translate to the ear his message. And the message is that which has brightened from prophet to prophet for ages: 'That is the true Light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world; and as many as receive it, to them it giveth power to become the Sons of God.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

William Ellery Channing.*

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Spirit Divine, who, in all lands and ages,
In holy souls thy dwelling-place hast made,
We bless thee for thy heroes, saints, and sages,
In whom thou hast thy love and truth displayed.

Yea, and not only unto those who sought thee
Long since, and found thee with a glad surprise,—
Our grateful hearts their offerings have brought thee,
For close at home a faithful one and wise.

Simply and purely of thy love he told us,
Showed us the Father, merciful and kind,
Yearning with strong compassion to enfold us,
In error wandering and with passion blind.

He of our nature's solemn height assured us,
Welcomed thy likeness in each human soul,
Ever to things more excellent allured us,
Speeding us onward to the flying goal.

Loved he thy truth with pure and perfect passion,
Its coming hailed as by no limit bound;
Where thou hadst work for him in any fashion,
There tireless, fearless, was thy prophet found.

Dead, he yet speaketh, and his voice is sounding
Now in our ears as when our fathers heard:
To us he publishes thy grace abounding,
To us he brings thy everlasting word.

"I heard recently one of the acknowledged leaders of the great Presbyterian church say that the object of the Christian church was simply to proclaim the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Within an hour he had also announced to me, from Los Angeles, that his church had pronounced the same thing, throwing away the rags of the Westminster confession to be used only by the antiquarians. This is a public acknowledgment in this particular week that the theology of the dark ages is abandoned by every communion of the Christian church of America. The announcement is made at a fitting time, as you will all feel, in a week that celebrates the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and erects here in the fittest place in the world a statue of William Ellery Channing.

These are victories of the Holy Spirit; they are the moral or spiritual victories—discoveries, if you please—of such men as we commemorate today. What Mr. Channing said from the beginning to the end was, 'There can be no true brotherhood, no true peace, any further than that men come to understand their relation to God—the infinite purpose for which God gave them life.' He said this thirty, forty or fifty years ago, and now the younger generation begins to say to us that Channing and his revelations are commonplace. That is the word of a distinguished Frenchman of our time, who tells us that in Channing there is nothing which we did not know already.

"Certain it is that John of Patmos knew that God was his father. But the world had not chosen to believe it when the world had settled down to the belief that we were all children of wrath. It is pathetic to see that men are studying the mere detail of Channing. The beginning, the middle, and the end of Channing's life is to be found in these words of his: 'Whereas I was blind, now I see. I behold with loving admiration the benevolence of God. I have solemnly given myself to God.'

"Thank God that this man lived and moved and had his being."—*Edward Everett Hale at the Dedication of the Channing Monument.*

*A hymn sung at the Arlington Street service, celebrating the unveiling of Mr. Herbert Adams's Statue of Channing, Boston, June 1, 1903.

THE PULPIT.

William Ellery Channing, the Unitarian Sage and Seer.

SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JUNE 7, 1903.

This is the year of high centennials. Wesley, Emerson, Channing, the heroes of thought, the wooers of the spirit, are each thus honored in this year 1903. We have just been celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The Emerson birth-year witnessed the ordination of William Ellery Channing to the ministry, and on Monday last, with high speech and imposing ceremony, a statue of William Ellery Channing was unveiled in the Public Gardens of Boston. The statue is placed in such a position that it looks towards the church which is now the worshiping place of the Society to which he ministered for nearly forty years. Addresses were made by Paul Frothingham, his present successor in the Arlington Street pulpit, President Eliot of Harvard University, Lieutenant Governor Curtis Guild, William C. Gannett, worthy son of Channing's illustrious colleague, and Edward Everett Hale, the ever fertile and living link between the old and the new. William Ellery Channing Eustis, a grandson of the great preacher, pulled the cord and revealed a magnificent work of art, which was greeted by the plaudits of a great multitude.

But a more fitting and note-worthy celebration of this event is the recent appearance of two notable Channing books, viz., a new biographical study of "William Ellery Channing, Minister of Religion," by John W. Chadwick, and a re-publication of Channing's "Discourses on War," with an introduction of sixty-one pages by Edwin D. Mead.

The statue must necessarily stay in Boston. It will reach comparatively few people. It is at best but an effigy in stone. It is the gift of one man, John Foster, a Boston capitalist to whom was given a vision of what high use and lasting significance might be given to thirty thousand dollars. It is the product of the hands, directed by the cunning brain of Mr. Herbert Adams, sculptor, of New York city. This is well, very well. Happy is the city that delights to honor its thinkers. Let us hasten the day when our parks shall be made beautiful and our cities noble by statues and buildings that commemorate the great messengers of peace, the emancipators of soul, the prophets of truth and righteousness.

But the books are already well on their way into all the public libraries of the world. They will carry the mind and heart of Channing into the hamlets of the Mississippi Valley, the cañons of the Rocky Mountains, the metropolitan cities of the world. The statue will reveal to favored eyes the outlines of that soulful face, the small but imposing material presence that has vanished forever. The books will carry the imperishable words, so charged with power that they still thrill the human soul and still challenge communities to gird themselves and move onward, for in most things that pertain to morals and religion, as his biographer well says, "To go back to Channing is to go forward."

About three years ago in this desk I welcomed Mr. Chadwick's life of Theodore Parker and made sermon uses of the same. Today my first pleasure is to render grateful acknowledgment for this worthy companion volume of 450 and more pages; admirable in workmanship, sympathetic and appreciative in spirit, skillful in construction, replete with information, and compelling in interest. Channing, like Parker, has not been wanting in biographers. My shelf was already rich with the books that reflected his mind and told the sweet story of the gentle, shy, innocent and awe-inspiring life. But there was need of this new study to condense into one volume the salient facts that heretofore were scattered in many volumes, and, still better, to arrange these facts in the perspective of a hundred years by one who is himself gifted with "moral imagination" and the ethical insight that discriminates between things transient and permanent.

Mr. Chadwick is no compiler. Indeed previous books must have been a constant fetter to him, so full is he of material of his own. Mr. Chadwick has been respectful to what has been written and faithful to the facts, which must not be tampered with. But every page bristles with evidence that there was much more he would have liked to put in if space had permitted. We can think of no other reason for the persistent way in which rare comment, revealing side-lights, and interesting information are tucked into small type at the foot of the page, much of which would be quite germane to the main text and quite worthy of the plainer type that makes the readable page.

Mr. Chadwick says he was led to write this new life because of the "deeper interest in Channing manifested in quarters where there has been imperfect knowledge," and also because "among those who have had special care of Channing's name and fame, the younger generations are found more ignorant of him and more indifferent to him than I thought was right, and I desire to communicate to them something of the enthusiasm and delight which for many years has animated my own breast."

Mr. Chadwick's justification of his book is my own justification of an attempt to find a sermon in this new reading of a familiar story.

The biography of a hero is more easily told than that of a saint. The seer is more elusive than the reformer. The saint's battles are internal, consequently not spectacular, but they are battles all the more surely. The broader vision of the seer precludes the use of stage lights and dissipates the bewildering shadows in the foreground in the calmer white light that is limited only by the horizon of human vision and human wants. For this reason many have found the story of Channing a "cold" one who were thrilled by the story of Theodore Parker or William Lloyd Garrison. Children will lay hold of the latter stories more readily than they will of the former.

But Channing once said, "There are times, my brother, when we must fight." He had his battles, and as life advanced he sniffed the battle from afar; his spirit grew more martial, but his weapons were ever the intangible ones of the spirit and his foes the visible foes of truth and righteousness.

The story of Channing's life is a tender one, but not wanting in virility. He was a small, sick, shy, shrinking man. But he left upon his contemporaries who never saw him the impression of massiveness and aggressive potency. The disappointed Scotchman expected to find a man six feet high with proportional weight. He found instead a man so small of stature and with so little flesh to conceal the spirit that he would have been insignificant had it not been for the wonderful eyes and the spiritual face, sweetened by the gentle, though pain-pinched lips.

Channing was born in Rhode Island on the 7th of April, 1780. He inherited the legacy of soul-liberty with which Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson had endowed the beautiful island. He inherited the beach that was to him "sublime in calm and in storm." But he came on the island when the vandalism of the English army had stripped it of its forests, and when wood, in that wood-growing country, was $20 a cord. His father's garden joined that of Hop-

kins, the great Calvinistic preacher, and there still stood in the market-place the old cage wherein were confined the importations from Africa for the American slave trade, where black men and women were traded for rum or for money. His lawyer father, though a man of liberal tendencies, preserved the grim exterior of the Calvinism which promptly became the terror and then the horror and antipathy of the delicate boy. The mother, though a woman of wit and sense, was sparing of affection, and little William's childhood was not a very happy one, though he was characterized by one as "the most splendid child I ever saw," and though his teacher said, "I wish in my heart you were like William Channing." On the playground he was known as the "peace-maker" and the "little minister," though there is a story of one battle royal where the little boy pounded the big bully who was imposing upon one smaller than himself. There are traditions of pitching quoits, of reckless climbing of the masts in the harbor, of daring to visit a haunted ship, and of the great relief that came to him when he heard his father whistling after listening to a terrible sermon which seemed to fill the atmosphere of the place with sulphur fumes and eternal agonies, "because," reasoned the lad, "father could not whistle if he believed it; I will not believe it either."

In the maximum of his power, Channing wrote his great address on "The Moral Argument against Calvinism," his masterpiece of theological reasoning. All that argument is implied in this whistling story of his childhood.

At this Channing home George Washington was once a guest, Benjamin Franklin a visitor. His grandfather on the mother's side was a "signer." The Rev. Ezra Stiles, who subsequently became president of Yale College and grandfather of Ezra Stiles Gannett, Channing's efficient associate and complement in the Boston pulpit, came from a neighboring town to christen baby William. At thirteen years of age he went to prepare for college at the home of his uncle, the Rev. Henry Channing, of New London, Conn. But he was summoned home by the death of his father, after which the college preparation was hurried because he must now with an older brother assist a widowed mother to care for six younger children. He was in Harvard at fifteen; he boarded in the home of Chief Justice Dana. His college years, like those of Emerson, seem to have been years of wide reading rather than of close study; years of few friendships, much meditation, and perhaps morbid introspection. These college years were years of moral danger, at least they seemed so to this sensitive boy; when, according to evidence cited by Mr. Chadwick, "one-fourth of every class became sots; when college work was sometimes suspended for several days, the entire faculty being employed on an inquest of some recent escapade or outrage." His brother Francis was already installed in the practice of law; he and the quiet walks of Mount Auburn seem to have been William's protection and consolation.

After graduation he hurries off to Richmond, Va., as a tutor, that he may earn money to help the smaller brothers to college. Then followed twenty months of day teaching and night studying. His room was cold, his clothing inadequate. He was too meanly clad to join in the hilarities at the big house, and this gave him time to study the painful revelations of slavery in the "quarters." At the end of this twenty months he comes back to his mother permanently broken in health, with life saddened but consecrated.

Harvard College had its eye on its hopeful alumnus. Through the help of a proctorship he was able to win his way through the Divinity School, and at twenty-three years of age he was ordained and installed minister of the Federal Street Church. This call he accepted rather than one to the popular First Church with a larger salary, because this church was poor, and consequently offered, as he thought, greater opportunities of helpfulness.

"Society" was never an attraction to him. He was from the beginning "subject" ridden. It is hard to follow the slender thread of biography through the remaining years of his life; so identified is he with his message and so public has become that message, that it is hard to realize there was a private life involved. But there was a life of quiet self-denial, precious to those in the inner circle, and a worthy accompaniment to the high music of his public ministry.

His first pleasure was to persuade his mother that he needed her very much; he was lonesome; so she came, with the four or five children, into the Boston parsonage. He reserved the small back kitchen for his study and occupied an attic room with his little brother for sleeping. When he was thirty-four years of age he married his cousin, Ruth Gibbs, whom he loved as a child, to whom he once wrote out his heart's dream when in college, "under the willows," but he never sent the letter. His proposal was long delayed on account of what seemed to him an insurmountable difficulty: she was so rich; he was so poor; he had no right to ask her. There is an intimation that courage came to him only when he noticed that she was deaf to other wooers. There was no more meagerness of purse, but there was always a poverty of strength. Three or more times he was whisked off to Europe in order to economize, if not replenish, his vitality. His vacations rapidly lengthened. A colleague was early called. The annual output of sermons soon ranged from sixteen down to three or four—but such sermons!

In the light of Mr. Chadwick's study it is difficult to think of Mr. Channing as a pastor. He did not preach to his people, or even to Boston; he preached to his age. He spoke to and for humanity; he did not handle subjects of the day. Like the British bards that Emerson speaks of, he preached of death, duty and destiny. These sermons were no twenty-minute indulgences to lazy listeners, but from one to two hour deliverances to a reluctant and halting world. Channing was thrown into an age of theological unrest. Unintentionally he became the major prophet of Unitarianism, and against all his theories, in violation of his highest inspirations, he was drafted into service as spokesman of a sect. There grew up around him a denomination which persisted in claiming him, much as he protested against the denominational spirit and the sectarian badge.

Mr. Chadwick has wrestled well with the theological element in Channing's life. His chapters on "Evolution and Reaction," "The Divided Fold," "Things New and Old," and "What Channing Preached" are interesting reading, and as clarifying as the discussion of controversial theology can be, particularly when it deals with controversies that are largely outgrown, and with methods that rested upon premises wholly outgrown. Twenty-five years ago there was much heard in certain quarters of "Channing Unitarianism." These words are of doubtful connotation; the phrase, whatever it meant, is a thing of the past. There are no more "Channing Unitarians" in the theological sense, and never will be. The scientific method of studying miracles, the Bible, and the unfoldment of religion have made the text-based liberalism and miracle-proved rationalism obsolete if not impossible. Today the so-called "liberal orthodoxy" is based on asumptions which Channing would not dare to urge. As Mr. Chadwick shows, Harnack, in his "What Is Christianity?" has gone much further than Channing from the so-called orthodox foundations, while "hun-

dreds of preachers and thousands of laity in the various orthodox churches have reached Harnack's level."

But unscientific as was Channing's theology, and uncritical and comparatively limited as was the range of his theological studies, Channing did strike the central liberalities in religion towards which all subsequent science and philosophy have tended, and in the presence of which all narrowness, bigotry and exclusion fade, and are eventually to be broken. These were not primarily the unity of God, though he says, "I was never a trinitarian,"—but the revelation of the one God in nature and in man. Channing's essential disclosure was the essential dignity of human nature, made such by the divine sonship of man—all men. In the presence of this great affirmation the fires of hell were put out, the conceit of the elect was abasned, the pretensions of the cultured defied and scorned. Channing's theology was provisional, of necessity, but it bloomed into a sociology which was fundamental and lasting. Hence, not the chapters I have named, but those which show Channing as a social reformer, his teachings concerning slavery, war and temperance, his marvelous anticipation of the cry of Ruskin and Tolstoy, his advocacy of methods subsequently developed by Arnold Toynbee and Jane Addams, constitute the glow-points in the message of Channing.

The little book of Mr. Mead's is the first of a long series of such compilations and editings that are to follow in the interest of civic righteousness, public charities and personal reforms. The next biographer of Channing will probably not be a minister. At least the life will not be written from the standpoint of the pulpit, but in the interest of the schools, by a school teacher or perhaps a student of anthropology, or a professor of sociology. Such studies may be expected during the next half-century. When the general public ceases to fear his theology, the schools will press his anthropology. As his writings are left behind by the students of theology, they will become classics in the library of the worker in philanthropic fields, academic text books in the domain of the humanities and reforms.

Channing's contemporaries, even his yoke-fellows, found it hard to adjust themselves to his gait, even when they were willing to go his way. His great Baltimore sermon, delivered in 1819 at the ordination of Jared Sparks, a sermon two hours long, was the clapping of the hands that brought down the avalanche, and the Unitarian landslide followed. But, as already intimated, he took little comfort in Unitarian figures and he distrusted their sectarian schemes, deploring the "Unitarian orthodoxy" thtat came to be. He took the name "cheerfully" when there was raised against it a popular cry. He would not "shrink from reproaches cast on what he deemed truth," but he "feared the shackles of a party connection." He said:

"I wish to regard myself as belonging not to a sect, but to the community of free minds, of lovers of truth, of followers of Christ, both on earth and in heaven. I desire to escape the narrow walls of a particular church, and to live under the open sky, in the broad light, looking far and wide, seeing with my own eyes, hearing with my own ears, and following Truth meekly but resolutely, however arduous or solitary be the path in which she leads. I am, then, no organ of a sect, but speak from myself alone."

No more burning words against slavery, no more manly championship of the rights of the black people are to be found in American literature than in the writings of Channing. His utterances in these directions seem to be adequate, ample, perfect, commanding, and still he was a constant trial to the abolitionists, and his great neighbor, William Lloyd Garrison, had to wait until the beautiful life had been published by Mr. Channing's nephew, many years after his death, before he knew the man.

So hard was it for his contemporaries to understand him, that this great champion of moral courage was suspected of cowardice. For ten years he was between two fires on the slavery question, to use Chadwick's phrase, and now it is growing clear that all this was because he was too large for his day; his vision was too wide; his sympathies too universal. It takes the perspective of a hundred years to see the two sides, nay, the many sides, of a great issue. And it is the mark of the prophet to see things near as if from far he took his point of view, to borrow the thought, though not the phrase, of Mrs. Browning.

Channing was a man of the closet even more than of the library. He had shrinking nerves, made so by ineffectual circulation. He ministered to a polite, wealthy, conservative, aristocratic people, but in spite of all this, he protested against the imprisonment of Abner Kneeland for blasphemy. When John Pierpont spoke the needed word on temperance, to the offense of his distilling pew holders, Channing wrote, "Should this struggle result in ten or a dozen of your most effective opponents withdrawing from your church, Hollis Street pulpit will stand the highest in the city."

When Theodore Parker was much spoken against, and, what is more to the point, when his teachings seemed shocking to Channing himself, he sent him his love from the sick bed and bade him "pour out his full heart."

In the face of that shallow aristocracy of culture and of wealth he resented the word "masses," "as if spiritual beings could be lumped together like heaps of matter." And on the other hand, he distrusted the so-called "better classes" because he found them "selfishly timid and they have never originated improvements worthy the name." In this fact he found "the darkest symptom of the times," because "these better classes would not burst the shackles of custom."

When in Richmond Mr. Channing seriously thought of allying himself to a Scotch community venture. He was in deep sympathy with the Brook Farm experiment. To Adin Ballou, the founder of "Hopedale," he wrote: "I have for a very long time dreamed of an association in which the members, instead of preying on each other, should live together as brothers, seeking one another's elevation and spiritual growth." He was back of Tuckerman's "ministry at large," which was the Hull-house movement in Boston before Arnold Toynbee was born. And, with apparent inconsistency, he maintained that this work rests exclusively upon the Unitarians because they held to the faith in human nature, the essential nobility of all souls, that would make the work possible and effective.

He held that for him "to accumulate money would be a crime." He said, "I cannot wear costly garments when I see such a man as Allston scarcely able to live. What a disgrace it is to Boston that the greatest genius of this country in his department should be in want! Millions are spent on decoration every year, but nothing is given to him. I would have our private dwellings simple, but our public edifices magnificent models of taste, and ornaments to the city. I would have a public gallery freely open. We should not keep pictures at home, or more than one, perhaps, and the rest should be for the community. * * * The way to be comfortable here is to live simply."

This is the man whose last sermon in the Boston pulpit, delivered on his sixty-second birthday, was on the "Greatness of Soul"; who hated Calvinism because of its moral dangers incident to its underestimate of human nature; who in his weakness, in the heart of the Berkshire country, asked the privilege of speaking on the anniversary of the West Indies emancipation,

and there delivered his last public address, and who, with his face to the sun among the Green Mountains of Vermont, murmured his dying words, "I have received many messages from the spirit." This is the man whom Boston throngs gathered to hear. But the great humiliation must be spoken, the awful disappointment be confessed—I venture to believe that the severest disappointment, the cruelest cut, the severest trial which this sensitive son of light ever received was the growing coldness of his own chosen people. Every great prophetic utterance of that pulpit, every manly anticipation of great issues, was met by chilly resentment from some corner or another of that church. "First families" withdrew and pew holders resented. Says Mr. Chadwick, "From that discourse which demanded as much reprobation for American as for West Indian slavery dated the beginning of a period throughout which the love of Channing's people waxed cold. * * * It is certain that Channing's impressive generalizations were more congenial to his people than his particular applications, and that, as these became more prominent, many were irritated by his exalted reputation which made it difficult to dispense with his services in any summary manner."

Maria Chapman, artist and reformer, invited Garrison one day to go with her to hear Channing. Mr. Garrison pronounced the sermon "full of beauty and power, worthy to be written in starry letters upon the sky." They occupied, by courtesy to Miss Chapman, the pew of a Mr. Higginson, who the next day withdrew the privilege. And that Higginson was an uncle to our own valiant Colonel T. W. Higginson, who won his title by leading colored troops.

Once Channing asked that the use of his church might be given to a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society. It was refused. Cruelest cut of all, the church authorities refused to open their doors for a memorial service for the saintly Follen, whose tragic drowning robbed Channing of one of his nearest and dearest personal friends, because of his anti-slavery notoriety. But Channing was bigger than his pulpit and stronger than his church. They might lock their doors, but they could not padlock the lips of the preacher, and so he delivered the great Follen sermon from the same pulpit. His nephew has told us in his Memoirs:

"This manifestation of a want of high sentiment in the congregation, to which for so many years he had officiated as pastor, made him question the usefulness of his whole ministry. To what end had he poured out his soul, if such conduct was a practical embodiment of the principles and precepts which he had so earnestly inculcated?"

Our friend William Salter, in a study of Channing's "The Elevation of the Laboring Classes," has said, as quoted by Mr. Chadwick, "My conviction is that Channing was ahead, not only of his own time, but ours, in this matter." Not only in this direction, but in many others, Channing is still ahead of us; ahead of us in his faith in the essential integrity of human nature; ahead of us in his demand that culture and wealth should show cause for being; in his call upon public officials to render public service commensurate with their opportunity and adequate to the trust imposed upon them; above all, ahead of us in the openness of his mind, the fairness of his spirit, the impartiality of his judgment, the devoutness of his heart. And oh, how far is he ahead of us in his horror of war! One man alone did he abhor with such righteous horror that he dragged him before his people and held him up to ridicule and contempt. That man was Napoleon Bonaparte. Before a great throng in an election day sermon he cried, "The tyrant is fallen. Let the earth rejoice." And sedate Boston broke into applause.

Surely this last publication of Channing concerning war, the book already alluded to, edited by Edwin D. Mead, is the most timely of all books likely to fall from the press of 1903. Oh, how it is needed in this time of sad collapse of our national ideals; these days of humiliating reaction, the dark, black days to democracy when a republican government dares talk of "possessing" far-off islands peopled with teeming millions of men, women and children into whose nostrils God has breathed the breath of his own life on the same terms and conditions as he has breathed into ours the breath we waste in sacrilegious insolence, in talking about "superior" races and "inferior" peoples. Oh, how timely is this book in this day of Anglo-Saxon swagger about possessing the earth; of crowing over our triumphs; in this day when the English-speaking people are standing on the skulls of their murdered victims in Africa and in the islands of the Pacific, talking of their commercial prowess and voting with reckless prodigality for the further construction of war ships, the enginery of destruction, the machinery of hell.

But let us not miss the dominant note in Channing's message for today and for tomorrow. For well does his biographer say, "His spirit, not his doctrine, is the mark of our high calling." He sought to establish the kingdom of God on earth. Therein is found his greatest radicalism. Wordsworth was his best beloved poet. Milton was his heart's delight. In his great portraiture of Fénelon, those who know him best find a portraiture of himself. "Honor due to all men" is the mighty title of one of his mightiest sermons.

When a Cuban doctor urged him to accept an invitation to his tropical home for health's sake, promising him that the slave whipping should be done on a neighboring plantation during his stay, the outraged man turned upon his heel and left the room.

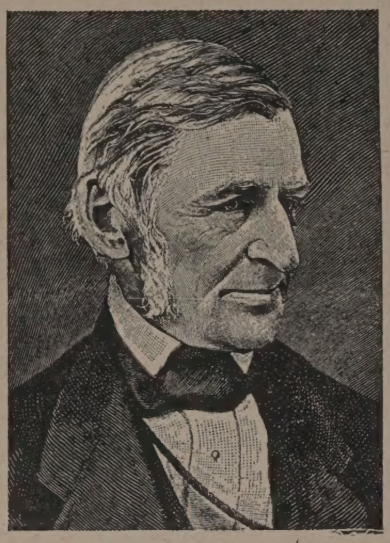
To him the essential evil of intemperance was the extinction of reason in man. He said his age was an age of "swelling words." The words are still swelling. The message is growing larger. "Let charity embrace in her broad arms all sects," said the boy preacher at the beginning of his career. So pleads his spirit with us today at the end of a hundred years. "This is a good world, notwithstanding the darkness hanging over it," was his exclamation. He shortened his vacation and hurried back to Boston in order to rejoice with the public over the achievements of the French Revolution in 1830, all of which goes to prove that Channing was perhaps the most profound optimist that ever stood in an American pulpit. And he was the greatest preacher, because he was least confined by his pulpit. No church rimmed him round about. No sin broke his cheerful faith; no crime blurred his trust. His belief in man was as fundamental as was his trust in God, and both were as imminent, as pressing, as real, as the air he breathed, as the beauty of nature, the love of woman, or the confidence of little children.

The true greatness of human life is almost wholly out of sight. Perhaps in our presence, the most heroic deed on earth is done in some silent spirit, the loftiest purpose cherished, the most generous sacrifice made, and we do not suspect it. I believe this greatness to be most common among the multitude, whose names are never heard. Among common people will be found more of hardship borne manfully, more of unvarnished truth, more of religious trust, more of that generosity which gives what the giver needs himself, and more of a wise estimate of life and death, than among the more prosperous.—*Channing.*

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



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XV.

Our Emerson.

"Our Emerson" is a phrase that naturally comes to our lips on the mention of his name. We think of him as being of Boston and Concord, because of his presence in those places he has helped to make memorable; but it is the mind of the man that is the most precious of all, and that goes out everywhere in golden gladness like the sunshine. The world today is in friendship with this wonderful man, and he makes all places to have beauty for us.

It is only a hundred years since this Plato mind came to our planet, and made it bear something of the impress of his gentle soul of thoughtfulness! Surely, surely, it is a lesson of the worth of character and its preaching power of good! How wide is the influence of love!

And the blessing is that we share in this blessing. It is diffused like the fragrance of a rose, and we breathe the joy and cheer of it. It is the fascination of music in our hearts, and makes us keep step with the heroic souls who have lived like "our Emerson" for humanity! WILLIAM BRUNTON.

What Emerson Has Been to Me.

DEAR UNITY: What Emerson has been to me? Among the Thousand Isles of a transcendental St. Lawrence, my Emersonian clippings in scores of my scrap-books form the "Islands of Spice Met in the Sea of Reading," as Whittier beautifully expresses it.

Very truly, G. A. WETTSTEIN.
Monroe, Wis.

All minds are of one family, . . . are essentially of one origin, one nature, kindled from one divine flame, and are all tending to one centre, one happiness. This great truth, to us the greatest of truths, which lies at the foundation of all religion and of all hope, seems to me not only sustained by proofs which satisfy the reason, but to be one of the deep instincts of our nature. It mingles unperceived with all our worship of God, which uniformly takes for granted that He is a Mind having thought, affection, and volition like ourselves.—*Channing.*

The Congress of Religion.

HELD AT LOS ANGELES, CAL., MARCH 8-11, 1903.

The Positive Truth of Buddhism.

The Substance of the Address Delivered by the Anagarika Dharmapala of Ceylon at the Congress of Religion Held at San Jose, Cal., March 18, 1903.

To understand the religion of Buddha it is necessary to study the teachings he had promulgated for the final emancipation of the human being from ignorance, ill will and selfishness. Did Buddha preach a doctrine of pessimism and annihilation? We have the Pali doctrine, put into the present shape several centuries before the European era. Scholars like Professors Rhys Davids, Max Muller, Oldenberg, have accepted the date of Emperor Asoka's acceptance of Buddhism as the date of Buddhist propaganda. The Buddhists of Ceylon have had Buddhism for 2200 years, and the Pali literature found in Ceylon, Siam, Burma, Cambodia, contain the genuine, unadulterated, primitive teachings of the Great Teacher.

In the three Pali Pitakas—the Vinaya, the Sutta and the Abhidhamma—are found an ancient literature giving descriptions of the sociological, ethical, æsthetic, philosophical, psychological, metaphysical aspects of the body politic of Aryan society in India. At the time when the "Lion of the Sakyas," the Buddha Gautama, was engaged in the glorified work of emancipating the people of India from the fetters of idolatry, superstition, spirit worship, caste prejudices and of general ignorance, the Assyrian, Egyptian, Chaldean, Ionian and Persian races were engaged in the work of conquest and destruction. With the names of Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Xerxes, Hannibal, Alexander, Thales, Pythagoras, Zeno, Democritus Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Euclid, as well as the biblical names of Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Ezekiel, the Europeans are familiar; but how many in Europe and America know of the great characters who had worked for the welfare of nearly a thousand millions of people inhabitating India, China and the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, whose influence still survives? Rama, Krishna, Buddha, Confucius, Lao-tsze, Mencius, Mahinda, Maggaliputta, Sona, Uttara, Buddha-Ghosha, Sankaracharya, Chandragupta, Asoka, Yudhistira, Vyasa, Visvamitra, Vasishta, are names familiar to the Aryan and Aryanized races of Asia. Of all the great heroes of humanity one name stands supreme, venerable in age, incomparable in the consummation of immortal deeds, unrivaled in the arena of philosophical religions, a universal savior, who, during a period of forty-five years of public ministry, never had uttered one angry word and made no differentiation between Brahman and Sudra, high and low, rich and poor. In his "Light of Asia" Sir Edwin Arnold writes of him as "the Saviour of the World":

> "Lord Budda, Prince Siddhartha on Earth,
> In Heavens and Hells incomparable
> The Wisest, Best, most Pitiful
> Teacher of Nirvana and the Law."

India 2,500 years ago was highly civilized. Aryan society in the Gangetic valley was consolidated and crystallized into castes. The Brahman and the Kshatriya castes dominating over the teeming millions of Sudras, the Brahman proud of his learning and his pure blood claiming kinship with the Creator Brahma; the Kshatriyas, rulers of people and the owners of earth, claiming kinship with the Lords of light; the Sudras, debarred from gaining higher knowledge, made absolutely the slaves of the Brah-

man, Kshatriya and Vaishya, such was Aryan society in India. In the name of religion, in the hope of gaining heaven, the Brahmans, as priests, had to be obeyed and worshiped by the other three castes. The "mahàbhàrata" says that "clean animals were created by the sinless Lord for sacrifice." Gods, some with six heads, some with twelve hands, armed with weapons, engaged in fight with rival gods, were the objects of adoration. The gods of storm, air, fire, earth, moon, sun were invoked. Horses, cattle, human beings were sacrificed. The gods Rudra, Skanda, Sakra, Agni, Varuna were called slaughterers. "Slay the foe" was the shibboleth of the creed of the Kshatriyas. The people were taught that the Creator Brahma had created the Brahmas from his mouth, the Kshatriyas from the Creator's two arms, the Vaishyas from his stomach, and the Sudras from his feet. It was ordained that the "Brahmas should only enjoy"; the "Kshatriya should slay sires and grandsires and brothers and preceptors and relatives and kinsmen that may engage in unjust battle"; the Vaishya should employ himself in agriculture and in rearing cattle; the Sudra should engage himself in the task of humbly collecting articles that are to be offered in sacrifices and in cleaning articles; he is not worthy of any of the rites of regeneration. Worn-out umbrellas, torn clothes which are no longer fit to wear, should be given to the Sudra. A Brahman, whether he be learned or ignorant, is always pure. Give a cow, bathe in the sacred waters, fast for a number of days, worship the Brahmans, sacrifice animals to gain heaven."

Brahmans and Shamanas retired into the forests, and by ascetic penances, it is said, moved the gods to come and serve them. If we are to believe the "Mahàbhàrata," we find the caste Brahman, on account of his birth in the family of a Brahman, making the proud statement "that the Brahmans are the gods of the very gods, at the command of a Brahman a man may attain heaven." The Brahmans are competent to make a deity "that is not deity. They can again divest one that is a deity of his status as such. Through the grace of the Brahmans the gods have become denizens in heaven. They are the deities of the very deities."

Asceticism had become the easy path to gain immortality. A science of asceticism came into existence. To gain immortality some followed the life of a cow, while others followed the habits of a bat, dog, fowl, sheep; there were others who went naked; others rejected food and lived upon carrion and flesh of human corpses. There were pantheists, monotheists, nihilists, mystics, spiritualists, agnostics. In the Pali "Brahmajala Sutta" sixty-two different philosophical and religious schools are mentioned. Logicians, dialecticians, hair-splitting metaphysicians, magicians, who try to make proselytes to their special cult, are mentioned in the Angerttara Nikaya, Kalama Sutta. The twice born castes, viz., Brahmana, Kshatriya and Vaishya, were the only ones allowed to read the Vedas. The Sudra must not read them and he must not hear the reading of them. If he does he is punished in having his tongue cut off and hot oil poured into his ears. No twice born caste man should read the Vedas in the presence of a Sudra. Such were the inhuman rules laid down in the Griha Sutras of Apastamba, Asvalayana, etc.

The appearance of several other religious founders on Indian soil simultaneously with the Buddha had made the field ready to receive the seeds of the new doctrine which he had promulgated. The doctrines of Niganta Unataputra, Kapilas Sankhya and the nihilistic theories of the secularistic Lokayatas had brought the people down to the realm of scepticism. There were ethics based either on asceticism or hedonism. There was materialistic spiritualism and metaphysical egoism positing a permanent material entity, or a spirit ego outside of the body and mind, enjoying a conscious bliss after death. The very atmosphere was full of metaphysical theories floating about.

Buddha means supreme wisdom. The Prince Siddhartha was born in the royal family of the Sakyas in the kingdom of Kapilavastu, near the Himalayas. Gautama is the clan name of the princes of the solar dynasty, which claimed kinship with the sun-god. In the beautiful poem, "The Light of Asia," a description of the Great Renunciation which he had made is found. As a prince he was entitled to the study of the Vedas; there had been two previous saviors of India, both born to wield the sceptre—Ráma and Krishna. They were territorial in their salvation and they advocated slaughter in the battlefield. The Buddha alone stands in the history of humanity as the one savior who preached *absolute love* without limitation to all creatures, small and great, in and out of India. In the *Metta Sutta* he taught love infinite. He opened the gates of immortality to the Sudra and the Chandala. He expounded the doctrine of unity. The Kshatriya, Brahmana, Vaishya and Sudra were absorbed in the great brotherhood which he called the Sangha, wherein the distinctions were absolutely ignored. The slaughter of animals for sacrifices was stopped. Asceticism was condemned. Sensualism was declared vulgar. Metaphysical speculations on the ego-soul, creation, etc., were stopped. Ritualism, idolatry, polytheistic worship were declared fetters that bind man and prevent him from getting his emancipation on this earth. The Buddha enunciated a code of ethics based not on asceticism, not on pantheism, not on æstheticism; but on a positivistic psychology. The ethics of pre-Buddhistic religions were founded on fatalism (Kamma-vada), monotheism (Isvara-vada) and materialism (Ahetuka-vada). The Buddha discovered that ignorance is the cause behind Karma. He formulated twenty-four laws called (Pratyayas) He formulated twenty-four laws called Pratyayas, a knowledge of which gives the individual to become free from Karma and Rebirth (Jati). He discovered the noble eightfold Path which emphasized a scientific recognition of body and mind. He accepted the evolution and the dissolution of cosmos. He taught that there are innumerable solar systems; that emancipation from the cosmic process of change was not possible for him who had not attained to complete enlightenment, which alone gave emancipation from the fetters of gods, spirits, ritualism, selfishness, pride, etc. To get emancipation one has to observe the following eight principles:

1. Right analysis, study of causes and effects.
2. Right aspirations, to love all beings, to bear no ill-will, to renounce sensualism.
3. Right words, to abstain from lying, slander and gossip.
4. Right action, to abstain from destruction of life, stealing and sensual indulgence.
5. Right livelihood, to abstain from destructive professions to men and animals.
6. Right exertion, to persevere in doing good and avoiding evil.
7. Right mindfulness, analyzing the physical body, sensations, volitions of the mind and the subjective obstacles for higher culture.
8. Right concentration of mind based on reflection, joy, holiness, oneness, etc.

The positive results that the teachings of the great Savior had brought on are deep compassion to animals, the rejection of a hereditary caste system, the elevation of man regardless of his color and caste, the uselessness of priests as sacrifices, the rejection of prayer to gods; exertion instead of supplication, self-culture in avoiding evil and doing good, the acceptance of the law of change, the realization of a purified heart by avoiding all subjective and objective cosmic sensations and relegating all religions with their gods that do not accept the law of cause and effect and cosmic evolution into the limbo of paganism. The elevation of man in making him a purified noble being without ill-will, prejudice, fear and stupidity is the inheritance of the true follower of the divine teacher and savior—the Buddha, who with his band of 500 Arhats traveled from place to place in India for forty-five years receiving the worship and homage of kings, princes, nobles of the poor and rich, arousing and gladdening the hearts of men and women, whose disciples, after the Lord's Para Nirvana, carried the torch of the religion of compassion and wisdom to all countries in Asia, elevating the people to a higher conception of life, of mercy and brotherhood. In the glorious work of propaganda during a period of nearly 2,500 years, never had there been a drop of blood either of man or animal shed in the name of the exalted Buddha—the Lord of Mercy.

THE ANAGARIKA, H. DHARMAPALA.

Buddhist Representative Parliament of Religions, Chicago.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Book Notes.

Funk & Wagnalls Co. of New York have sent me "Washington; its Sights and Insights," by Mrs. Harriet Earhart Monroe. This book is a good deal better than it appears to be, from reading a few introductory pages. There is a good deal of information given about our national Capital, which is of very general value. Read the chapter on the Pension Office, and then ask how it is possible that the American people will go on paying $140,000,000 every year out of their hard-earned taxes, to pay pensions to frauds? It is probable that 70 per cent of the pensions now paid do not fairly belong to those who get them. The chapter on Chemistry gives some very important information bearing upon pure food and health. On the whole the book is not a bad one.

Another book from the same firm is entitled "On the Trail of Moses"; a set of revival sermons by Rev. Dr. Banks. This is the usual stuff doled out as soul food. It is a little better than some, but a deal worse than it ought to be. I do not think that Moses would spend time to read it, or be proud of any association with it.

From Ginn & Co. of Boston comes "Discourses on War," by William Ellery Channing, with an introduction by Edwin D. Mead. It is not necessary for me to say that this little volume is solid gold. It is one of a series, and you will do well if you have all of them on your table. Just now, while we are expanding our boundaries, we need over and over again to learn the lesson of honor to our neighbors; and even to turn the other cheek sometimes as a people. There is neither common sense nor patriotism in announcing to all the world that democracy is destined to rule everywhere; and that we are the par excellence democrats. If white people have a burden, let them bear it and not boast of it.

Not long ago I received from G. P. Putnam's Sons "The American Republic and Its Government"; and now I receive "Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States." Both of these books are the work of Prof. James A. Woodburn of Indiana University. This volume is not as good as the first, which I have already reviewed in UNITY; but it is in most respects a very admirable digest of party history and party problems. Each chapter is compelled to be brief, and it is to that cause mainly that the book is not quite as satisfactory as a more complete discussion of each topic would render it. However, if you want to know the evolution of American politics, you can do no better, I think, than to study Prof. Woodburn. One excellent feature of the book is its ethical atmosphere. The author places political righteousness to the front.

Charles Scribner's Sons have placed on the table "Horses Nine," by Sewell Ford. Among animal stories this volume is one of the best. It is a literary treat, as well as a first rate study of animals. There are nine horses portrayed; and every one of them is as good as Dr. Brown's dog Rab. His description of a car-sick horse is perfect; but the power of the book lies in the author's complete comprehension of animal sentiment. Horse pride, and horse shame, and horse love, and horse hate are very human things; but no one ever more fully understood it, with a capacity to tell it, than Mr. Ford. Each of the nine stories is an ideal by itself. If published as monographs, and superbly illustrated, we might have had nine volumes, every one making a sensation. As it is we have these nine volumes all in one, and the price of the book is only $1.25. I shall keep the book near at hand, to read through again and again. Why is it that the American people are just waking up to the glory of animal nature? The new tide setting countryward must carry out a deal of cultivated sympathy and common sense, and make the country home infinitely more beautiful than ever. Let love rule among our servants who cannot talk. The charm of the Fourth Commandment is that it makes Sunday belong to horses as well as to men, and to the patient ox.

E. P. P.

Figs and Thistles—An Underlying Principle in Husbandry.

The harvest is just as sure in the spiritual world as it is in the material, but our material crops are usually selected with more intelligence than are our spiritual plantings. Burdock, Canada thistles and wild mustard are not usually chosen by the intelligent agriculturalist as the principal seedings of his preserves. In the spiritual realm, however, we run largely to weeds in the seedtime, and then blame the fates for the harvest.

For the last nineteen hundred years it has been as true as it was for the nineteen hundred years before, that figs will not grow from thistles. The man who expects to reap figs has always had to plant figs, and he always will. But there seems to be a hope eternal in the human breast that by some yet undiscovered process our particular figs will grow on almost any kind of a bush. So we go on seeding with the seed nearest at hand, and easiest to get, and in after years sit down and wonder why the crop isn't just what we wanted.

You cannot reap joy for yourself out of the pain of others. You cannot harvest peace out of the disquiet of your fellows. You cannot build right on the foundations of wrong. Life comes from the inside out, and not from the outside in. Life radiates, it cannot be

absorbed. What you are inside that will you ultimately be outside, and you cannot evade it or avoid it. If there is a canker at your heart it will eat its way out, and you shall in no way stop it except by cutting out its very roots. You cannot be honest with the rest of the world till you are honest with yourself.

Good seed in the spiritual world is high-priced. It costs self-restraint, self-denial, self-culture, self-training, in fact every self there is in the dictionary except selfishness. That is the universal cockle-burr which infests every other seed there is. It is the process of winnowing that weed out of the seed, and the process of weeding that seed out of the garden that provides the soil in which souls are grown. It is that which Browning meant when he said:

> Then, welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
> Be our joys three-parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare never grudge the throe!

If you do your part, Fate, or Fortune, or whatever name by which you choose to call God will do the rest. But always and forever keep the figs and thistles in your mind. Never let that fundamental and obvious principle of husbandry escape you. If you plant right you will reap right; there will be no trouble about that. But when Paul plants and Apollos waters, that God may give the increase, the increase is on the seed planted; and thistles would still be thistles, although it was Paul who planted and Apollos who watered.

Superficially the crop seems to be better from the thistles than it does from the figs. They seem to be hardier. They grow well in almost any kind of soil. They are perennials with a vengeance. It always seems harder to get the figs started, and they seem much easier to kill. They have to be tended more. A well regulated crop of thistles will not only take care of itself, but it will also take care of you, if you don't watch out. It does not seem to need either Paul or Apollos. But the fig needs constant care, and even then it doesn't seem to harvest up anything like the thistle. The trouble is that we had all rather sow the thistle, and tend the thistle, and then harvest figs. The market price for them is considerably better, after they are harvested.

And it is to the harvest that the wise farmer looks when he selects his crop. But then, the wise farmer selects his crop. Spiritually, we don't. We take things as they come and bemoan our fate. Fate! There is no fate but ourselves. A man may be what he will as between right and wrong; as between good and evil. It is his to choose. Never get the idea into your head that God picks out your crop; God only gives the increase after you have planted and watered. The fields are there, and the granaries are stocked with seed. You select your seed and you select your field. If you prefer a crop that will take care of itself while you lie by under the shade, you can raise that sort of a crop, but you must not expect that at the market-day it will stock up alongside of the crop that has been carefully tended and nurtured by the man who toiled through the heat and burden of the day. That isn't where the penny for everybody comes in. The last man in on that deal did what he could; he didn't do nothing.

Work is the price of peace; toil is the price of joy. In this lies the solution of life. It is God's law, and it is man's law. There is no easy way. There is no other luck than this.—*From the Philosopher Press.*

We are happier than we know, just as we are healthier than we know, and, let us hope, wiser and better than we know.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

TUSKEGEE.—The twenty-second annual commencement of the Tuskegee Normal Industrial Institute has just been celebrated. The total who received diplomas and certificates is 113. Sixty-two normal graduates and nine post-graduates leave the school to begin work, the other forty-two are undergraduates and for the most part, will remain and complete their literary work.

The total number of students enrolled for the year is 1,497. 1,015 young men, 482 young women. These are outside of about 200 who attend the training school and 148 who have attended the Tuskegee town night school. They represent thirty states, three territories and the District of Columbia, besides Africa, the West Indies, Bahama Islands, British Honduras and Central America.

The demand for the services of the graduates is very large. Teachers and superintendents are here from various places to engage them. Many already have positions of great usefulness as superintendents of industries and teachers of important schools. Some will pursue their studies further. Not one will be idle.

The building operations of this year have been, in a marked degree, different from those of other years. An air of massiveness and permanency characterizes everything.

Many pretty cottages have been erected for married teachers and many others are planned for.

A vast amount of work has been done on the grounds this year in the way of road-making, sewerage, terracing, planting of flowers, grasses and trees. Nearly 1,000 trees, representing in a large way the subject of forestry, have been set out.

The following items from the report of the director of industries for one year will prove interesting. The harness shop has done $2,664.55 worth of work, $701.85 new work, $1,962.70 repairs. Seventeen students have received instruction in the shop. In the machine shop seventy-two boys have had work. The total value of labor and material in this division is $24,216.21. The foundry has supplied twenty-five tons of window weights and boiler grates, with 120 pairs of hand irons. Seventy-five per cent of the material used was scrap iron, bought for 25 cents per hundred and sold for $3.00 per hundredweight.

The brick yard made 3,000,000 bricks at a value of $21,282.30, $17,567.45 worth were used by the school, $3,714.85 by outside parties.

The repair shop did work to the value of $2,309.70. The electrical division reports work to the value of about $3,000.

The work done by the carpentry division is valued at about $40,000; that of the printing office at $13,691; the wheelwrighting shop at $1,029.70; the tailor shop shows $3,710.14 worth of work; the shoe shop, $2,525.74; the paint shop, $5,635.22. The masonry division shows work and material to the value of $56,934.49; work done at the saw mill is valued at $8,280.86; 158,000 feet of lumber were sawed. 2,000,000 of lathes made.

The farm shows a total of 1,375 head of live stock outside of poultry. Of this number 192 are cows, bulls, yearlings and calves, 300 beef cattle, sheep 165, hogs 625, brood mares 22, mules 54. The truck garden has sold vegetables to the school and others since January 1, 1903, to the value of $1,842.18.

Foreign Notes.

M. LOISY AS BIBLICAL CRITIC.—Under this caption William Addis discussed not long ago, in our English exchange, the *Inquirer*, the views of Mr. Alfred Loisy, the French priest, whose latest work has been condemned by ecclesiastical authority.

Mr. Addis thinks M. Loisy possesses no marked originality, but characterizes him as learned and cultivated in a high de-

gree, thoroughly acquainted with the work of German and English scholars, and master of a lucid and graceful style,—one who, were he a Protestant, might be simply described as a Frenchman quite at home in critical theories, and having the art of putting them before the public much better than the learned men to whom their origin is due. The real interest in M. Loisy's work, however, springs from the fact that he is a Roman priest in the full exercise of his functions, that he is the foremost of French Roman Catholic writers in the Bible, that despite the loss of his professional chair his influence over the younger clergy is apparently as strong as it ever was. Added to this is the adventitious interest attaching to the second of his new books: *L'Evangile et l'Eglise*. This has been condemned by Cardinal Richard, archbishop of Paris, and withdrawn from circulation, so that it is exceedingly difficult to procure. A leading London bookseller was known two months ago to have refused fourteen applications for a copy.

The first of the two books here discussed—namely, *Les Etudes Evangeliques*, is the less directly controversial. It discusses the nature and scope of the parables and then expounds some of the central ideas in St. John's Gospel. His later work, however, *L'Evangile et l'Eglise* (The Gospel and the Church), is in form an attack on Prof. Harnack's *Wesen des Christenthums* (Essence of Christianity).

"Speaking generally," says Mr. Addis, "M. Loisy may be said to hold the critical opinions of the more destructive German school. On the whole he accepts the Synoptic tradition, though he is silent about miracles except the crowning miracle of the resurrection while even of that he speaks in very doubtful tone.

"'The empty tomb is only an indirect argument, nor is it decisive, since the disappearance of the body, the only fact proved, admits of other explanations than the resurrection. . . . . The historian will reserve his adhesion, because for him the objective reality of the apparitions is not determined with sufficient precision.—*L'Evangile et l'Eglise*,' 74 seq.

"Again, he maintains that the Synoptics misunderstood the intention of the parables, which was to simplify truth, not to obscure it, and though their report of them is correct in the main, even that report is affected here and there by their mistaken idea that the parables were allegories. But more serious exception is taken against other utterances attributed to our Lord. For instance, the famous words on which Harnack builds with such confidence, 'No one knoweth the Son save the Father, neither doth any one know the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal him,' are, according to M. Loisy, of most doubtful authenticity, and that though they are attested both by St. Matthew and St. Luke. The whole passage, says M. Loisy, has a marked affinity in style with the last chapter of Ecclesiasticus, and this 'makes it difficult to admit' that Christ uttered the words in question, so that the text, 'at least in its present form,' is probably 'a product of early Christian tradition.' Similarly Christ's memorable words: 'The Son of Man came. . . . to give himself a ransom for many' (Mark x:45), are attributed to Pauline influence, and M. Loisy also questions whether Christ really spoke of his blood as 'the blood of the Covenant' (Mark xiv:24)."

The difference between M. Loisy and Prof. Harnack is concerned chiefly with the conception of Christ as the Son of God. "According to Harnack Christ was God's Son, because He alone knew the Father and could impart this knowledge to mankind. Therefore the gospel consists in the knowledge of God as Father. M. Loisy replies that Christ's consciousness of His position as the Son of God is all one with the consciousness that he was the Messiah, and he takes Matt. xi:27 to mean that Christ knows the Father because he is the Son, not that he is Son because he knows the Father. The words convey the idea of an abiding relation. The Son is not Son because He knows the Father, any more than the Father is constituted Father by the fact that He knows the Son. Here, as it seems to me, M. Loisy's exegesis is perfect, and he rightly insists that since the gospel involves belief in the Kingdom of God it must also involve belief in Christ, through whom that kingdom was to be established. Still, even here the interest of M. Loisy's contention is almost evacuated by his doubt whether the words on which the controversy hinges were ever spoken by Christ at all."

The latter part of Mr. Addis's article deals with M. Loisy's defence of Roman doctrine and worship, in part as follows: "Much is to be said against Harnack's attempt to revivify the simplicity of the early gospel. We cannot, if we would, return to the circumstances of the first disciples—their environment cannot become ours. New problems press upon us; nay, have pressed upon the Church ever since it began to make its way in the Roman empire, problems which must be answered by every thoughtful man. . . . Simplicity is not in itself a recommendation; the life of the oyster is much more simple than that of man, but it is not preferable on that account. Christianity, far from being simple, is necessarily complicated in the utmost degree, just because it contains the fulness of truth, and determines the ever-changing relations of men to God and to each other in the continual progress of the race. The Spirit of Christ moves ever forward, and Christianity is the one true and absolute religion, because in a sense it is the most pliant and changeable of all systems of thought. The Church, then, was abundantly justified in formulating creeds, and it is a mark of strength, not of weakness, that it boldly adapted to its own use the metaphysics of Greece and imitated the ordered government of the Roman Empire. 'When he, the Spirit of truth, is come he shall guide you into all the truth.' Nor is there any cogent and inevitable objection to an elaborate ritual. Costly vestments, elaborate music and architecture, the multiplication of sacramental rites have often been a help to worship in spirit and in truth, whereas under the repulsive austerity of Puritan services the religious emotions have not unfrequently been starved to death. No fault can justly be imputed to the Church, because it did not limit itself to the precise words of the Lord or even to the language of the New Testament. Development is a mark of life and inseparable from it. I am prepared to go further than this. I admit gladly and thankfully that the Holy Spirit has never abandoned any part of Christ's Church, and in particular that the doctrines and rites of the Roman church have been, even when times were worst, true means of grace, true channels of Christ's eternal life to countless souls. . . It is true moreover that our estimate of Christ is to be built up not only on what He did, not only even on what He was during the brief space of His visible presence upon earth, but also upon all that He has done for and through those who have walked in His steps and borne His image.

"It is, however, quite another thing to maintain that the development of the Roman church has always been normal and healthy, that it has never adopted hurtful elements from surrounding heathenism, or made false deductions from true premises. Let us take as an example the Papal power. Few educated men will deny that it did, during a considerable time, work mightily for good. . . . Still, when we are asked to believe that the Papacy is of divine institution in such sense that those who are not in visible communion with the Pope are separated from the body of Christ, we may surely ask for proof of such a momentous claim. M. Loisy gives none, and he can give none, since the old proofs from Scripture and tradition have for him ceased to exist." M. E. H.

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